Serpentdicious

lyrics & information about ACHET-ATON

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Achet-Aton

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SERPENTDICIOUS

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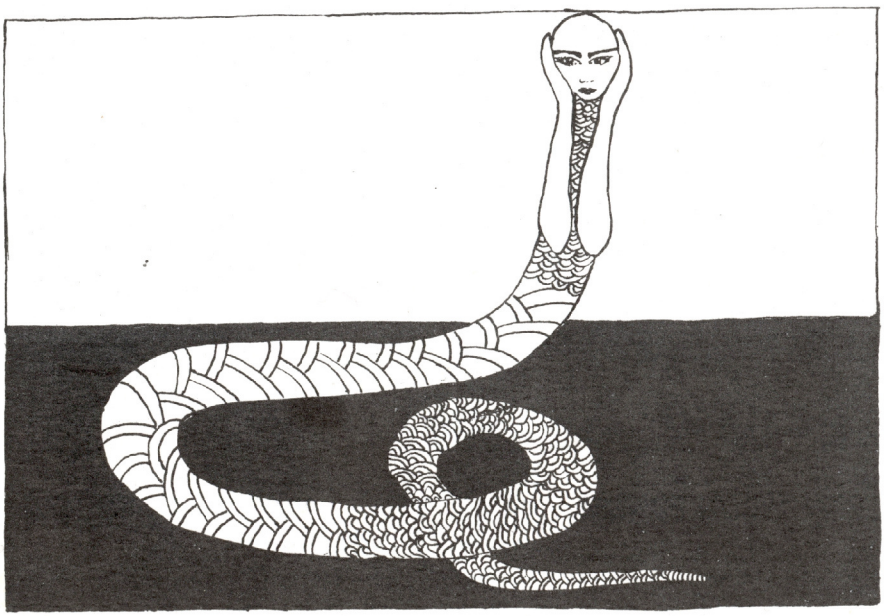
SH

Editor's page

You're setting eyes upon the first edition of SERPENTDICIOUS. It is not usual for a band to contact her audience in this way, but Achet-Aton isn't usual at all!
By publishing lyrics and information the group wants to create a strong tie with her fans. Already they have started to send concert announcements to everyone interested.
My aim is to publish SERPENTDICIOUS twice a year, for further information see page 23. Twice a year is a great task for the gentlemen, so they asked me to be your editor. (And I accept it gladly and proudly!).
In this first issue you will find the lyrics from their cassette 'The Serpent Never Sleeps' (still available at a special low price) and many other songs, including the 'life-story' of my keepers.
Provided I won't be snowbound I'll see you next year!

SSSHH!!!

The Serpent



ABOUT THE GROUP ACHET-ATON

'Achet-Aton is a very fine live band and each time they perform their show moves nearer to perfection. They really have the capacity to achieve great success' (Freia Magazine 1987).

The foundation for the present-day line-up of Achet-Aton was made in 1983 when Werner, Ton and Lex decided to concentrate completely on making progressive rock. This trio decided to build up the band very quietly and they arranged a repertoire to expand it in the (near) future with the right people. In the mean time they took part in an album-project (Pluspopelpee 'Rock uit het Oosten' Autumn 1984).
In May 1985 guitarist Cor Taal reinforced the band and the four-piece recorded a demo cassette which was released Summer 1986 and is called 'The Serpent Never Sleeps' (still available).
This demo cassette was fairly well received in Holland.
Shortly after, Werner decided to quit drumming and to concentrate completely on singing.
In Rob van Putten the band finds an ideal replacement on the drumkit for Werner. He brings the band to its present-day line-up.
At the beginning of 1987 the band appeared twice in popspecials of two regional radio stations.
Achet-Aton is presently working very hard to reach above the regional fame they already have gained. Therefore contacts have been made in West-Germany, where they also released their cassette.
The band tries to distinquish itself in its own way within the progressive rock field. The compositions are a result of teamwork and Werner writes all their lyrics. Next to music the visual presentation is also very important for the band and they work hard to present a complete show.
Interested?....See them live at their next concert!

ABOUT THEIR LYRICS

Words and music can't be separated, but we think our lyrics are interesting enough to publish before you.
And when you understand them you know why we created them. And it's not forbidden to sing along with us during our concerts, we possess the 'weapons' to overblow it.

About our lyrics:

Writing the lyrics of a song is just as important as the music. Words need to express the musical feelings, they need to become one inseparable bond. Therefore lyrics must be taken very seriously. And Achet-Aton takes them seriously. The one responsible for this is Werner Bartelds.
He has written poems since the age of 16, influenced mostly by Slauerhoff, the dutch poète maudit. In his lyrics we can find this influence: he chooses the words carefully, composes lines with impact and always searches the poetical solution. It seems he slowly completes a huge jigsaw puzzle, throwing away pieces that won't fit and sawing new ones to create the lyrics.
Most of the lyrics are autobiographic and they reflect his personal life. So there are, for example, songs about confusion and hope (When Plans Go Wrong), responsibility of mankind (Walking On Thin Ice, White Beluga Baby) and love songs (The Lady Of The Frozen Lake, The Mirror).

THE SERPENT NEVER SLEEPS

Who will be the first one to throw away the book?
Who reads the final chapter, won't take another look?
A self constructed image, an incarnated nightmare
Beware the snake in the grass
Who will be the first one to look through the glass?
Who will be the first one?

'Away, away,' they shout as the reptile eggs break out
And the air becomes odious and thick
'You're making me sick,' cries the girl of today
But her skin turns... serpent grey

Who will be the first one to throw away the key?
Who locks all the doors has no need to see
There's a big fat balloon selling points of view
He has got one model, must be the one for you
Focussed on blindness
Who will be the first one?

The wet dream of your simulated reality
Has just gone up ten points
They say there is no smoke without fire
So will you be there?

Now you're standing on your own legs between your greedy friends
Who will stick beside you 'till your fiction comes to end
Who will be the first one to look through the glass?
And sees you are the snake in the grass
Who will be the first one to look through the glass?
And sees you are the snake in the grass

The wet dream of your simulated reality
Has just gone up another ten points
You're starting to believe your own fiction
(needs restriction - some contradiction)
Can't you see the fucking snake?

In the cold troubled water
The serpent never sleeps
But a clear perspective
Can tell you where he creeps

We eat from the hand that feeds us
We walk by the voice that leads us

RD

Born on 5 March 1961, The Hague. Started playing the guitar in a schoolband in 1977. Before that time he'd never ever touched one. Although he was always very attracted by the instrument, he much prefered to play it with a band.
Hardrock was the first musical style in which he liked to express his feelings. Over the years his playing became more melodious. Till 1985, the year in which they invited him in Aton, he played in several bands. 'My way of playing? More important than technique, speed or any kind of trick is the feeling and playing functional.'

His tools:
guitars: Hamer Sunburst, Hamer Special;
amplification: Marshall

'Discipline is a way to reach perfection.'

A NEW SONG

Last night I slept a restless night
My eyes couldn't be closed
A victim of tension to which
I was so badly exposed
I saw the moon rising over the lake
Someone's longlost friend
I saw the stars laughing at me
Won't somebody send

A new song - a new song - a new song - a new song
A new song - a new song - a new song - a new song
Give me the words and I'll set them in rhyme
Give me the notes and I'll play them in time
Give me the words and I'll set them in rhyme
Give me the notes and I'll play them in time

Nailed to my bed and covered in sweat
With things running 'round my head
I'm coming out for a quick note to write down
Tomorrow it can't be read
I saw the sun rising over the lake
A new day finally born
I saw the people laughing at me
Some showing scorn

A new song - a new song - a new song - a new song
A new song - a new song - a new song - a new song
Give me the words and I'll set them in rhyme
Give me the notes and I'll play them in time
Give me the words and I'll set them in rhyme
Give me the notes and I'll play them in time

Introducing Werner Bartelds

RD

Born on October 11th 1960, a true libra, a human nature. Started playing the guitar at the age of 13 and was determined to get his own group together.
He formed a schoolband in 1976 in which Anthony Hofman played the bassguitar. October 1978 the two decided to change musical-direction and with another schoolfriend Chris Wiltink they formed Achet-Aton. They rehearsed with several drummers (also Rob van Putten!) but at that time things didn't work out and Werner took over the drumkit and they asked guitarist Lex Coulier to join them.
Once behind the drumkit and with the departure of Chris Wiltink Werner also took over the lead vocals. Asked about this period he concludes: 'It wasn't the ideal solution but the most likely one. I wrote all the lyrics and a lot of the music so it was obvious I took over.' They recorded a song for an album-project, Lex changed to keyboards, Cor Taal reinforced the band. 'A lot of changes for a band,' says Werner, 'But there was always a determination to go on. We believed in our music, in our band.'
'I remember very well how Rob came to join us. We were doing a gig and we saw him standing there observing us. A couple of days later he called me up. Because I had already decided to concentrate on lead vocals, we made a very quick agreement. And...*he* could really play! So Werner Bartelds became the lead vocalist of the band and he started to create his personality as a 'show-master'. 'I take much care not to imitate,' he says, 'Everything that might have been done before I reject immediately. I don't want to cheat the audience by giving them a cheap imitation of somebody. People can see through that. I put in my own personality as much as possible. That's why my lyrics are autobiographic.'

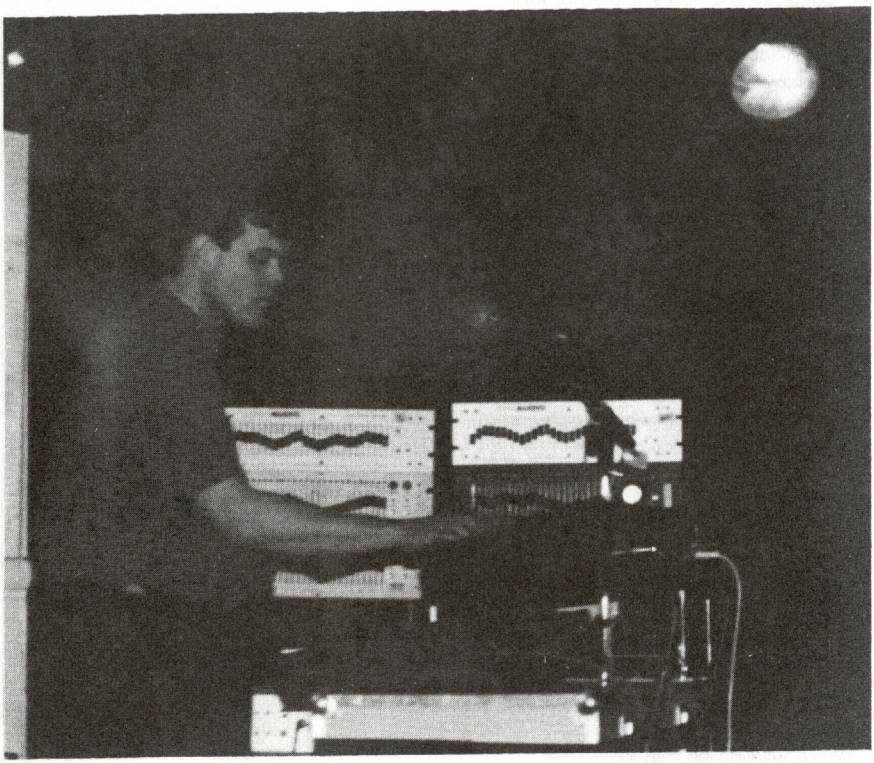
WHEN PLANS GO WRONG

Your voice comes faintly from the bed
The lights are low the sheets still red
Recovering from moments of panic and pain
A private word is all that remains

It's hard to understand when your plans go wrong
You question life your doubts grow strong
But seeing your eyes I know it's allright
You're a real lioness ready to fight

Life is something that happens to you while you're making plans
It's like a rope that slips through your hands
You won't let go you are so afraid of the fall
But when you do you'll find out things haven't changed at all...

Introducing Lex Coulier



BH

Born on the 20th July 1959 in Deventer, Holland. Now living in Apeldoorn, also Holland. Started to play the acoustic guitar at the age of 14, or so. Played in several bands and did several gigs. When he switched over to the electric guitar he started to play as a studio musician. There he got interested in synthesizers and played the guitar synthesizer. When he played with Ton en Werner it was difficult to find a good keyboard player and so Lex changed the guitar synthesizer for a synthesizer keyboard. He plays the keyboard just the way he is: sometimes raw and loud, but mostly gently and soft. Just the way it should be done for this kind of music...

Equipment:
Korg PolySix
Seq. Circuits Prophet 600
Roland Jupiter 6

The Prophet is connected to the Jupiter by MIDI

WALKING ON THIN ICE

Don't read the newspapers nomore
Don't need to put the telly on
To hear about the wars
That have been going on and on

We're walking on thin ice
We're drifting slowly
We're drifting slowly apart

Don't follow 'Here's the News' nomore
Satellite information
I can do without
For I behold the situation

We're walking on thin ice
We're drifting slowly
We're drifting slowly apart

Don't...
Don't tell...
Don't tell lies to your self
Don't...
Don't tell...
Don't tell lies to your self
You will be the only one believing them
You can be the only one decieving them
We're walking on ice
We're walking on thin ice
We're walking on ice
We're walking on thin ice

Don't need the dogmatist nomore
I won't be caught in discussions
Politicians need to score
They're so afraid of repercussions

We're walking on thin ice
We're drifting slowly
We're drifting slowly apart

Introducing Ton Hofman

BH

Born 2 september 1962

Ibanez mc824
Kustom IIIB amplifier
Eko kII Basspedals
Boss BCB-6 effect box:
- GE-7B equalizer
- CE-2B chorus

ICE AGE

1. *Massive motion*

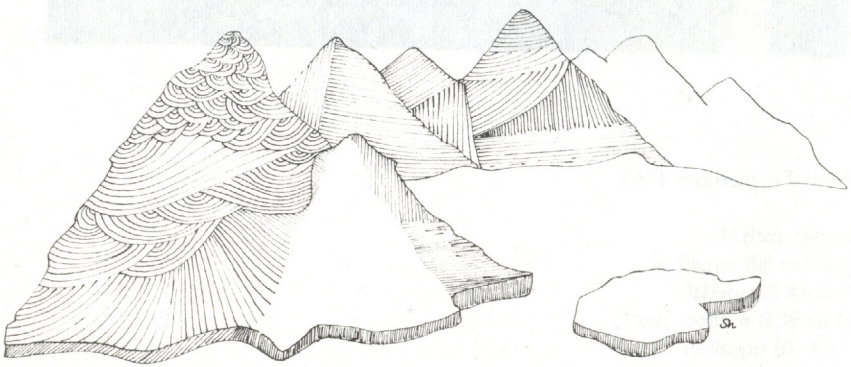
Massive motion of ice
Gliding from the polar seas
And creeping up from behind
Massive motion
Crawling in anger blind

Formless violence from the white world
Wraps modern man up in fear
Sacred science the vessel empty
Now the white wall comes so near
Formless violence
Wraps man up in fear

Roaming rocks the swollen skies
The sea-levels retreat
We feel the cold caught in a snow storm
The rythm of the arctic beat

2. *Maud Land*

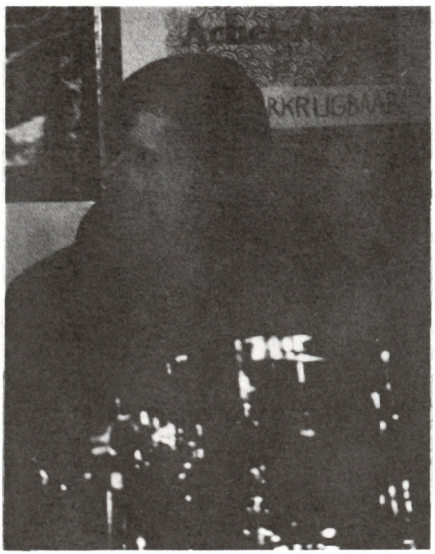
instrumental



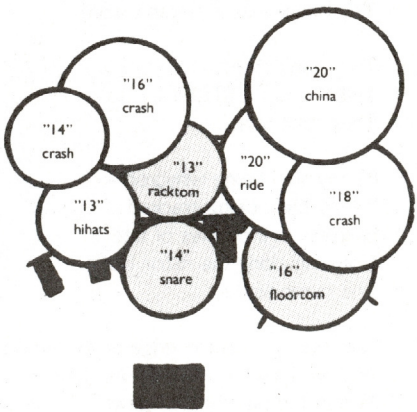
Introducing Rob van Putten

Born on the 3rd of May, 1962 Deventer, Holland.
Began to play drums at the age of 14.
Before and during a couple of years after, he played in all kind of Marching- and Brassbands, where (at last) he introduced the use of a large drumset.
With Werner and Ton he played in a group in the late seventies (in the eighties that group would become Achet-Aton). He left the group in order to play more heavier stuff (symphonic hardrock).
With a schoolfriend he founded The Gloves, in which Lex played the guitar.
His first progressive rockgroup was called Tarra (1981).
He studied drums and percussion (funk, jazz and latin) at the local music school for four years and played in several percussion ensembles. As Werner in 1986 (at that time drums and vocals) decided to quit drumming, he (re)joined his old fellows at Achet-Aton in July.
After some excursions throughout the electonic percussion field, he returned to 'Mother Nature' on the acoustic drumkit in 1987.
His present-day equipment:

(customised) Pearl drums (black ahead!);
Pearl Free-floating snare-drum with copper shell;
Pearl stands;
Paiste 3000 cymbals;
Remo ebony drumheads;
Supercussion sticks
and ofcourse his Human-Beat-Box.



RD



BITTER END

a. *LIFE-TAKER*

It was the first day of the new age
So she offered him the holy knife
To cut the virgins flesh - so immaculate and fresh

But the silent sun sheds a red gas-tear
His construction needs no bitter end
So much deception but no life-taker is he

I just want what's mine
I don't want what's yours
It happens to me all the time

And in the darkness of torture cellars
A sudden light can blind your eyes
You see the disappeared men forever sheep inside a pen

But the ancient king sheds a lonely tear
His construction needs no bitter end
So much deception but no life-taker is he

I just want what's mine
I don't want what's yours
It happens to me all the time

You will be nailed to the floor
While ants lick away the sweet smelling honey
And when the amber substance has vanished into
their ravenous little jaws
You know that they can't stop!

They can't stop?
THEY CAN'T STOP!
They can't stop...

It's my ship being wrecked
It's my back being cracked
Helpless in the claws of fate
Crawling along the razor blade
The razor blade

I am standing on the edge of the world
And I'm looking over my shoulder
And in the pale light of dawning I can see there is no-one left
To give the final push

b. *A SWEET HEART BLOOMS NO BITTER END*

instrumental

c. *THE CROSS-ROAD (the I that is in you)*

Mystification at every cross-road at every roundabout-way
We follow prophets we search in every word
Except the I that is in you..

We wander
Setting course towards memories
You, you and I

Lost between emotional waves
Drowned in overwhelming experiences
You, you and I and...

The sun changes restless oceans into drizzling rains
The circle - the perfect circle
The hate conquers misunderstanding for purposes insane
The circle - imperfect circle
Let it resonate in our hearts
The cities tall we built them up the jungle never seems to stop
So much alive inside this circus - the wonderful colourful circus
The cross-road seems finally our only turning point
The cross-road - the ultimate unload
Let it resonate in our hearts
The I that is in you
The I that is in you

BH

THE MIRROR

Receiving dreams across the wires
I feel the touch of your silhouette
When I wake up through the slumbers
I know I must forget
But this feeling inside I just can't hide
I wish it came back
I wish it came back again

(Oh, please come back, I want you one more time)

But this feeling inside I just can't hide
I wish it came back
I wish it came back again

You are my mirror
You are my mirror
Mirror, mirror tell me no lies
Why is the reflection gone as I open my eyes?

You always say that I'm too jealous
I shouldn't hurt myself too bad
I know I must try to forget you;
Can't get you out of my head
But you can't claim what can't be possessed
I wish you came back
I wish you came back again

You are my mirror
You are my mirror
Mirror, mirror tell me no lies
Why is the reflection gone as I open my eyes?

I wish we'd met under other circumstances
I know we are a pair of perfect dancers
Me looking at you looking at me looking at you
You looking at me looking at you looking at me...

Mirror, mirror tell me no lies
Why is the reflection gone as I open my eyes?

You are my mirror
Into the mirror
You are my mirror
Into the mirror
I am mirror blind

TWO INTO ONE

The night falls quietly all around us now
Yet there's something moving in the trembling air
A restless heart and a restless mind
Looking for his maiden fair

You give me your secret wink only I can understand
There that special smile and things run out of hand
The secrets that we share are only known to me
You play your role so well but there's no part for me

I ought to be there when she calls on me
I ought to be inside it all
I ought to see her beneath the waters cold
I ought to be inside her call

Two into one - one out of two

I walk the gardens where kings once used to play
And I see the statues defaced and fallen down
The sacred fountain-spring where life once clearly flowed
Seized to draw from the toxic ground

We're far from over each time I hear your call
Your reflection's still haunting me
Where can I turn to now I'm torn and soaked
By the voice of distant seas

Two into one - one out of two

THE LADY OF THE FROZEN LAKE

And so my friend
You took your time, you took your time
To be sure about yourself
In this strange situation
The frozen lake is your hiding place
You are caught within a maze
And I reach my hand for you are still so close, so close...

And so my friend
The frozen lake reveals face
For a moment it's you and me in a bed of dreams
Wrapped in the sheets of passion
I can see the candles in your eyes
We will never stoop to lies
And now you are so close to me, so close...

You can be the eater of your own flesh
You can be the servant of your own trash
But you can never, never turn back
To the pages of your private history-book
Relive the images life once took
You can never, never turn back
Oh, please don't be the lady of the frozen lake
Let me love you and keep you awake
You can always, always turn back
You can always, always turn back to me

It's not that I'm not satisfied with what I've got
It's more I could be sharing this all with you
Will we ever, ever turn back
To the foundation we both create
Reconstructing buildings that fate has made
Will we ever, ever turn back
Oh, please don't be the lady of the frozen lake
Let me love you and keep you awake
You can always, always turn back
You can always, always turn back to me

You are not the lady of the frozen lake
Let me love you and keep you awake
You can always, always turn back
You can always, always turn back to me

And so my friend
It took some time, but now you know
That I'm here to comfort your soul
In these wonderful moments
Your heart beats in my veins
Emotions I can't contain
And now we are so close, so close, so close...

RD

WHITE BELUGA BABY

It broke my body into pieces
It blew my mind into dust
Everything I believed in
Everything that I could trust
Disappeared into thin air
Disappeared into the blue
Who can believe
This sad, sad news to be true

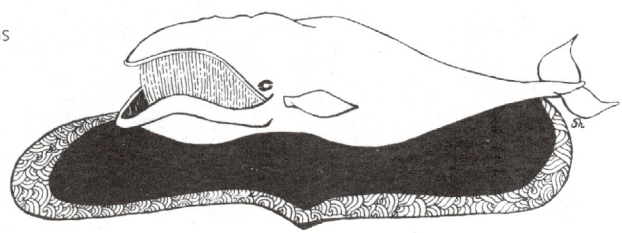
In the dark water a white shadow
Gracefully she comes swimming by
She smiles with kindness and in friendship
How will she know she soon must die?
I won't accept this fatal vision
I won't accept an excuse from you
Who can believe
This sad, sad news to be true

In the sulphurous oceans
In the chemical seas
In the poisoned waters
In the toxic streams
There she dies childless
With a silent, silent scream...

White Beluga Baby
You're carnating in my dreams
Your vacancy can't be fullfilled
Don't swim the danger streams

White Beluga Baby
These harsh words must be said
No miracle or Hand of God
Can bring you back from the Dead

White Beluga Baby
You're carnating in my dreams
White Beluga Baby
Don't swim the danger streams



Join the Serpent Clan!!!

As a fan of ACHET-ATON

you can be a serpent too!

Join the Serpent Clan!!!

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YES!!!

I want to join the Serpent Clan!!!

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SD1

Achet-Aton